

skipping over eggshells

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by [OhDearieRozzie](#)

Summary

“Are you going to throw those out?”

Hannibal stills, eggshells in hand, and turns back towards Will. “Yes, I believe they’ve served their purpose.”

“Can I keep them?”

Notes

Will lives in a house in the middle of the woods and crafts all the time, did y'all really think I would skip on a witch fic? Plus, I refuse to let witch stereotypes stand (most of them are rooted in antisemitism because people are Bitches), so please enjoy some nice, casual magic.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter One

Smoke filled the air, drifting unhurried through opened windows and doors. The smouldering pine needles occupied Will's hand, wafting around the living room in large, counter-clockwise circles. Will envisioned a white light growing from the burning bundle, pushing every negative energy out of the room and dispersing into the outside.

"Alright, fuckers, y'all know the drill by now - if you're not supposed to be here, please vacate the premises." Will mutters, moving into the kitchen.

Will repeated the actions, moving from room to room, until every inch of his home felt at peace, the scent of pine lingering. Now back in the main room, Will walked over to his altar, lighting a red candle and a yellow candle. "I thank the elements of fire and air, for cleansing this home of negative presences." He picked up a small bowl containing a solution of black salt and charged moon water, and moved over to his windows. With the pointer finger of his right hand, Will dipped his fingers in the mixture, and drew a pentacle on the corner of each window.

Once every window was marked, Will returned once again to his altar, and lit a blue candle and green candle. "I thank the elements of water and earth for protecting this home." He grabbed a white shaker bottle labeled 'EGGSHELLS' from the shelf above his altar, and walked towards the closed storm door. The smoke had cleared sufficiently by now, and his dogs had ample time to do their business and run their extra energy out. As soon as he turned the handle, a flurry of dogs flooded through the doorway, threatening to knock him off his feet. Will grinned in amusement, shaking his head slightly. He crouched down, and shook the bottle just outside the door frame.

"... Shit." Nothing but a few bits of eggshell came out, landing in a scattered pile less than two inches long.

Will rose to his feet, and jogged over to his kitchen. *'Please have eggs, please have eggs, please have eggs,'* he thought, opening his refrigerator. He, of course, did not have eggs. "How the fuck did I run out already?" Will asked himself, voice rising in irritation.

Shoulders slumped, Will walked slowly back to his altar, setting down his shaker and picking up the saltwater bowl once more. "This'll have to do..." He mumbled, drawing a pentacle on the outside and inside parts of his front door.

A short *'Ding!'* sounded out from Will's kitchen. Will shut his door and strode into the kitchen, the now-empty bowl in hand. Plucking his phone off the counter, he placed the dish into the sink, focusing his attention on the screen. The text came from Doctor Lecter, and if a smile appeared on his face due to that, it went purposefully unnoticed. He unlocked his phone and opened the message.

(4:36 pm) Dr. Lecter: *Hello Will, I hope you are well. Hopefully I haven't caught you at a busy time. I apologize for the short notice, but I was wondering if you would be interested in having dinner this evening?*

Will grinned, bouncing up and down on his toes a few times. *Jeez Louise*, he reminded himself of a boy whose crush just asked to sit with him. He schooled himself slightly, typing out a response.

(4:38 pm) Me: *hey dr. lecturer, i'd be happy to join you for dinner. what time should i be over there?*

Will hit send, then walked back into the living room. He opened the shirt drawer on his dresser, pulling out a dark blue button-up. His phone dinged again.

(4:39 pm) Dr. Lecter: *Around 6 o'clock would be perfect.*

Will typed out a quick “*see you then,*” grabbing his charged pentacle necklace, black tourmaline studs, and a few rings from the East-facing windowsill. Better safe than sorry, right?

Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will parked his car on the street, parallel to Doctor Lecter's home. He was just a tad early - the clock on his radio showed 5:45. He pulled down the visor mirror, quickly assessing himself. *'Earrings, covered. Pentacle, tucked. Rings? I look like I gaslight girls for fun.'* He pulled most of his rings off, leaving a wire-wrapped blue sapphire ring on his right hand. After hiding the rings in his glove box, he exited the car.

Will knocked on the front door, only waiting a few seconds before the door opened, revealing Doctor Lecter, still in a white apron. "Will, good to see you. Please come in." The psychiatrist leaned out of the doorway, allowing Will a small gap through which to enter the foyer. "You're early, I was just about to finish up dinner."

"Sorry about that, don't rush on my account." Will went to remove his jacket, but was stilled by hands on his shoulders, doing the work for him. He tilted his head down, totally *not* trying to conceal a flush to his cheeks, and muttered a quick "Thanks." Doctor Lecter suddenly touched his wrist with one hand, using the other to gently bend Will's hand up to the light. He ran a fingertip over Will's ring, admiration shining in his eyes.

"Your ring is beautiful - sapphire?" Doctor Lecter asked, hands lingering far longer than they needed to. Not that Will was complaining, of course.

"Yeah, it's uh, sapphire's my birthstone. A buddy made the ring for me in high school. They were really into astrology, and all that jazz." Will met the other man's eyes, a little surprised at the cold glint that passed over them. Could he have imagined that?

Doctor Lecter gave a short hum in response, then walked around Will, striding deeper into the house towards the kitchen. Will followed, doing his very best to not imitate a lost puppy. "I could use some company in the kitchen, if you're amenable," Doctor Lecter said, looking behind him. Will nodded in affirmation, absorbing the strong scents of garlic, soy sauce, and carrots.

"I suppose it's a little late to ask, but what are we having?" Will asked, standing on his tiptoes slightly to chance a sight of the foods surely waiting on the counter. He was a little confused to see a plate of rice, carrots, and veggies off to the side of the stove, and an empty pan left on the burner.

"I felt that something more in the realm of comfort food would do for this evening, so I've prepared fried rice. I was just about to scramble the eggs." As he spoke, Doctor Lecter walked over to the stainless steel refrigerator, pulling out a carton of eggs. Will's fingers twitched at his sides.

'Oh shit, he has eggs.'

A bowl gently clacked on the counter.

'Ooooo would it be bad if I asked for the shells?'

Crack, one egg down. The shell was discarded to the side of the bowl.

'Yeah, it'd be weird if I asked for them - who the fuck goes around asking for that shit?'

Crack, another one bites the dust.

'Dammit, I need those shells.'

Doctor Lecter gathers the shells on the counter, then shifts to walk over to the trash can.

'One man's trash is another's treasure...'

"Are you gonna throw those out?" Will blurts out, cheeks reddening instantly.

Doctor Lecter stills, foot on the pedal to open the trash can lid, eggshells still in hand. "Sorry, what was that?"

Will takes a small breath, then repeats, "Are you going to throw the eggshells out?" He absolutely refuses to meet the psychiatrist's eyes.

"I do believe they've served their purpose now, so yes, that was the plan." Doctor Lecter's fingers still held the shells, hovering over the trash can lid.

A beat of silence followed, Will tapping his toes on the tile floor. "Can I keep them?" His teeth worried into his bottom lip. Suddenly, the pattern of the gray floor tiles was absolutely enthralling.

A hand wielding eggshells appeared in front of Will's face, obstructing his view of the unfairly pristine floor. "Of course," Doctor Lecter stated, though it sounded a little more like a question. Will raised his head, the puzzled look on the other man's face just a tad too prevalent to be ignored.

Will grabbed the shells, shoving them in his pocket before he thought better of it. No more questions were asked, but a million were floating between the two men.

If Doctor Lecter noticed the sour taste that every crunch of shell left from Will's pocket during dinner, he made no mention of it.

Chapter End Notes

I think even Hannibal gets tired of fancy ass meals constantly, so please let our boys enjoy some simple fried rice. This totally wasn't the quickest application of last-minute eggs I could think of, I swear.

Anywho, gonna drop my Hannibal playlist next chapter because I feel like contributing more to the fandom (just in case self-indulgent fics weren't enough).

ALSO TWO PEOPLE SUBSCRIBED TO ME?? OH MY GOD WHOEVER YALL ARE I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!! And massive thanks to everyone who reads and kudos this pic, you mean the world to me!

AAAAAA! YOU ARE ALL SO RAD!!!

Chapter Three

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will was about to shit a brick. The eggshells from three days past adorned his door and warded off bad energy, yes, but he himself was a ball of anxiety. No amount of charged amethyst in his pocket or meditation would change that now. Especially not whilst he was about to face his not-therapist for the first time since the egg incident. He was used to being viewed as odd, but wasn't too keen on being seen like that by Doctor Lecter. Still, one can't hide away from the inevitable in their car, especially not when said car is parked directly in front of the workplace of *the inevitable*.

With a fortifying '*fuck it*,' Will opened his car door and stepped out onto the side walk. Before he could lose his nerve, he rushed to the patient's entrance, nearly tripping over his own feet. He found his way to the waiting room, pointedly avoiding thoughts of jumping out of the nearest window.

Too many nerves wound their way through Will's body, so he remained standing, pretending to read the titles of the books stacked on the end tables. Of *course*, magazines were a no-go for Doctor Lecter. Will went to card his hand through his hair, stopping when he felt tangling. Unfortunately, his many rings still adorned his fingers, as he'd neglected to remove them in the car, and they were now stuck to his head. With a good bit of wiggling and tugging and mental shrieking, his hand came free. Relief would have rushed over him, were it not for the approaching footsteps beyond the door to the office.

Will tenses at the sound of the steps, yanking off his rings and shoving them in his pocket as quick as he could. The door handle began to turn, and he raised one hand to smooth his hair, but really ended up giving himself more of a slap to the top of the head. Doctor Lecter opened the door, smiling softly at the mild spectacle before him. Will tried to play off his raised hand as a wave, but the hammering in his chest betrayed his feigned confidence.

"Hello Will, come in." Doctor Lecter turned to the side, holding the door open for Will. Normally, the lack of space between the two made Will warm with excitement, but now it just makes him reconsider defenestrating himself as soon as possible. Would Lecter hold it against him if he crashed through one of the windows by the chairs?

Will didn't get much of a chance to fully think through his plan for a quick escape, as his attention is directed towards a small glass tupperware being presented to him. He glanced up to Doctor Lecter's eyes, one eyebrow raised in a silent question. He grabbed the offered container, and almost froze completely when he heard the soft clinking against the glass.

"I personally don't have any use for these, so I figured you would appreciate them." Doctor Hannibal Lecter, renowned surgeon and psychiatrist, had just given Will a container full of *cleaned and dried eggshells*. Will could have swooned.

"Oh, jeez - thank you so much, Doc-" "Hannibal."

Will must be fucking dreaming - first the eggshells, now Doct- no, *Hannibal*, had *interrupted* him. Rude.

Will met Hannibal's eyes, using his free hand to fidget with the sleeve of his flannel. A kind smile passed over Hannibal's face, and Will glanced down to his feet sheepishly.

"Okay, *Hannibal*. Thank you for these. It..." Will wrinkled his nose briefly, then lifted his gaze back to the other's, "It really means a lot." Will tried not to think about how good Hannibal's name felt on his tongue.

A hand came to rest on Will's shoulder. "Of course, we're friends, aren't we?" Hannibal said, reassurance practically pouring from his eyes. Upon Will's returning nod, he continued, "Then think nothing of it."

Cold rushed to Will's shoulder once Hannibal removed his hand, and he watched the man stride to his usual chair. "Now then," Hannibal began, gesturing to Will's chair, "tell me about Uncle Jack's latest assignment."

Chapter End Notes

I increased the chapter count of this work to four instead of three, just to ease flow of the story! Anywho, here's the Hannibal playlist I made a while ago, as a treat.
<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/5rUXmlvTjs81wwiE00DTTN?si=vlorLO1GQNCEd8jUyJgUJw>

See y'all next chapter!

Chapter Four

Chapter Notes

Hello babes! So sorry it's been so long, I had a birthday, followed by my second vaccine which wiped me Out, and it was just a little bit difficult to get back in the swing of writing. But, I'm back! And I'm so fucking grateful! We've reached one thousand hits on this work! So Fucking Awesome! And I have four people subscribed to me! AAAAA you all are so rad and I love every single one of you!

Anywho, no more dilly-dallying, here's the conclusion to Skipping Over Eggshells!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Saturday finds Will cleansing once again. His floors may be littered with stacks of books and dog hair, but goddamnit, the vibes in his home are immaculate. He'd drained his pine needle reserves in tea this week, so cedar was his choice of bundle. The smoke twisted and curled with the wind blowing through the windows, wafting into the open air. The woodsy, purifying scent lingered pleasantly, seemingly weaving itself into the very fabric of his curtains.

Once his wards are placed and his canine critters are roaming free in the house once again, Will retrieves his grimoire from the bedside table, along with a pen and highlighter. His little book wasn't much to look at; technically it was just a beat up composition book he'd picked up at a Walgreens a few years back, but it had served him quite well. Unfortunately, the pages were running a bit low, maybe only a dozen left available.

Now sat at his desk, Will opened to his current page in the book, containing his current research. He'd been taken with a sudden fascination for the uses and properties of pond water in his practice, and was determined to fill out at least a few pages on the stabilizing energies. He had just touched his pen to the paper when the dogs began barking.

This is when Will experiences almost the entire range of human emotions, all within a matter of seconds. Firstly, he huffs with annoyance when he hears gravel crunching under approaching tires. Guests were *not* welcome, thank you very much. But when the friendly frame of Hannibal's black Bentley came into view of his window, Will could have sworn he had swallowed a meadow's worth of butterflies, a smile arriving unbidden to his face.

Just as quickly, his smile dropped.

Will frantically glanced to his altar, then his sun-charging tools and crystals, the fucking egg shell powder at each opening to his house - '*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,*' were the only thoughts coming to mind.

Hannibal's car came to a halt, the engine cutting off. Will stood almost frozen in place, unsure of how he could feasibly hide anything at that point. The car door opened. '*Fuck it,*'

he thought, and speedwalked to the still-open front door.

The dogs had gotten to Hannibal first, sniffing at his fingers in an attempt to assign him as friend or foe. They seemed to reach a favorable decision, as they quickly took to rubbing their heads on his palm. Will watched on with an embarrassingly obvious smile, momentarily forgetting about his perceived impending doom. The near-slam of the car door was enough to shock him out of his reverie, as well as seeing his grin reflected on Hannibal's face.

Will stepped out on his porch, steadying himself with a quick breath. "Fancy seeing you here, Doc," he drawled, sticking his hands in his pockets, stifling his nervous shaking. Calm and casual wasn't the easiest persona for Will to feign, but he was certain he'd die trying in this moment.

"Good afternoon, Will. Sorry to drop in on you like this, but you left something at my office - I figured it was important." Hannibal, unsurprisingly gracefully, navigated his way through all six dogs, reaching into his coat pocket. He stepped up onto the porch as he pulled a small satin bag from the pocket, offering it to Will.

Will eyed the bag, taking a moment to appreciate the softness of the material, but also taking mental inventory of what he could possibly have left in the office. When nothing came to mind, he opened the bag, tilting it to deposit whatever lay inside to the palm of his hand. Out rolled one of his damned rings. It was a modest silver band, depicting the phases of the moon. An acquaintance had gifted it to him some time ago when he'd first gotten into witchcraft.

"I was correct in assuming it was yours, yes?" Hannibal asked, peering into his hand at the ring.

"Oh shit - yeah, sorry. Thank you so much, I must have dropped this in the waiting room. Sorry about that." Will pocketed the ring, and went to the satin bag back to Hannibal. "You could have just sent me a text so I could pick it up, you didn't have to drive all this way."

Hannibal didn't take the bag, only offered a half-smile. "It was no trouble for me, only a chance to see a friend. The bag is yours as well, I want you to have it." He raised both of his hands to Will's offered one, moving his arm closer to his chest. He gave a friendly pat to his hand before dropping his own arms back to his sides.

Will's blush was from the autumn chill, not from anything else, dammit.

Will looked down at his feet, fingers toying with the ring. "Well," he looked back up, determined to make eye contact, "thank you. It, uh, it means a lot." He gave a shy grin, clutching the bag and ring closer.

However, Will is now faced with a predicament. He was raised a good Southern boy, and knows that manners dictate he should invite Hannibal in after such a long drive. On the other hand, the ring was damning enough of Will's mostly-hidden practice. The other man wouldn't need much more to go on if he saw, for lack of a better description, Will's all-out *witches' den*.

Manners won out.

“I really appreciate the time you took to return this to me, do you wanna come in for a drink? I know you’re driving, but there’s hot water in the kettle for tea, or some other stuff if you’d prefer.”

Hannibal gave a small nod, replying, “I’d love to come in, tea would be lovely.”

Will shot a hopeful smile, purposefully ignoring the panic perched at his throat. He turned and walked inside, extending his arm towards Hannibal in a welcoming gesture. ‘*Here goes nothing*,’ he thought, bracing himself for judgment.

Hannibal was an observant man, and took his time in ascertaining his surroundings. It was a trait Will would typically admire, but Hannibal was also a stoic man, so his thoughts weren’t readily available for Will’s prodding. He watched on as the doctor studied his front room, eyes dancing over his dried orange garland by the door, the pentacle wreath guarding his altar, and the stacks upon stacks of books too numerous to reside on bookshelves.

Will bounced on the heels of his feet, practically a live wire from all of the nerves rushing through his body. He should be running to the kitchen to get his guest water, or closing the door and windows to keep the cold out, but he couldn’t seem to move his legs. He resigned himself to be bound to the spot until a final judgment was cast.

When Hannibal turned to face Will once more, his face was neutral, but calculating. He gave nothing away while seeming to absorb everything Will had trapped under his tongue. “Do you practice paganism, Will?” His tone was the same he used in their fireside conversations, cool and all-knowing.

Will lets out a breath he wasn’t even aware he’d been holding, but hesitant to feel relieved. A delay in judgment wasn’t an absence of judgment, after all.

“I mean... a *little* bit, yes. I prefer the term witchcraft - I don’t eat babies on the full moon or ride on broomsticks though. Those are just Inquisition and media stereotypes fueled by misogyny and antisemitism.” Will brought his hands down to his sides, drumming his fingers on his leg. When he glanced up at the other man, he was surprised to see a conspiratorial grin on his face.

“How disappointing, I would have enjoyed a moonlight dinner and a ride through the night sky.” Hannibal rested a hand on Will’s shoulder in good humor, squeezing lightly.

Will couldn’t help the genuine chuckle that escaped his lips, placing his own hand over Hannibal’s before he could think better of it. “You don’t think it’s... *odd*, or anything?” Small tendrils of fear still found their way into his mind, doubt always shined heavily on the man.

Hannibal removed his hand from Will’s shoulder, only to grasp both of Will’s hands in his own. He waits until Will meets his gaze before speaking.

“I don’t find it odd at all. I find it admirable, in a way. So much of your career is spent at someone else’s beck and call, dictated by the whims of the sadistic. In this respect, you aren’t letting anything happen to you, you’re taking the reins back from the powers that be. I find it inspiring, in fact.”

A few tears welled up in the corners of Will's eyes, but he blinked them back before they could fall. Hannibal wasn't hiding what he felt in this moment, and Will felt his pride and adoration like it was his own.

Will cleared his throat, calming himself just a tad. "I don't think I've ever thought about it that way." He paused, unsure of whether he wanted to continue with the sentiment or not. The emotions were just too much in that moment - he felt his own relief and joy, and, if he was being honest, he mirrored Hannibal's affection and, albeit thinly-veiled, attraction completely.

But, those were problems from another day.

Will pulled his hands back and bobbed his head toward the kitchen. He schooled his expression into an easy smile before asking, "So, any tea preferences?"

Hannibal had left Will's house after a few hours. He had endless questions about Will's craft - when he'd started, what he was currently learning about, why he needed the damned eggshells. By the end of the evening, he'd completely forgotten why he had worried so incessantly over what Hannibal would think. In fact, he was excited to share more of his knowledge with another person. Grateful, even. So grateful that he may or may not have stayed up late working on a gift for him.

That, of course, brings us to the next afternoon at Hannibal's doorstep, with Will ringing the doorbell with anticipation. The object in the hand behind his back was a grounding presence as he waited for the door to open.

It only took ten seconds for Hannibal to greet Will, dressed in a casual button-up and slacks. Well, casual by the doctor's standards. It took Will a few moments to remember what he was doing, and he brought his hand out from behind his back, revealing a large dressed yellow candle.

Hannibal took the candle jar, flashing a pleased grin. He inspected the contents with genuine pleasure, as well as some slight confusion. "Thank you Will, this is lovely. May I ask what this is for?"

Will rocked back and forth on his feet, a little embarrassed that he'd given the thing to Hannibal before explaining himself - they were still in the doorway, for fuck's sake. He swapped his near-frown with a shaky smile. "Oh, right! I figured this could help deal with exhaustion after, well, *less than pleasant* patients. You seem a bit frazzled before our sessions sometimes, so I figured."

Hannibal's grin widened, and he moved aside to let Will inside the entryway. "Come in, please." He let Will through the house and into the kitchen, placing the candle on the counter farthest from the stove. "You'll have to forgive me, I was about to start marinating the pork for dinner. Care to stay?"

Will nodded, offering a quick "Sure," while walking over to the sink to wash his hands. He may as well help out after crashing Hannibal's plans, right?

“So, how will the candle help with my patients?” Hannibal asked, grabbing a large bowl from a cupboard. Will moved to stand across the butcher’s block from the other man.

“Well, it’s not really going to help your patients. You’d light it after a tough session to ease your own fatigue afterwards. Yellow corresponds with happiness, and I added some other things to sharpen and amplify the intention. So, we’ve got orange peels for energy, dried basil for strength and protection, lavender for calming - things like that.” Will looked back at the candle, making sure he hadn’t forgotten anything.

Hannibal seemed to materialize beside him, Will almost jumping through the air in fright. “Jesus *Christ*, you’re gonna give me a heart attack someday, y’know that?” He poked at Hannibal’s arm in jest, shaking his head.

Hannibal disregarded the comment, instead taking Will’s hand in his. He gingerly stroked his thumb over the tips of Will’s knuckles, bestowing a gentle kiss to the top of his hand. “I love it, and will put it to good use, I’m sure.”

Will blinked and Hannibal was back at his workstation, grabbing spices in preparation for dinner. His hand was still frozen in mid-air, tingling warmly where lips had been pressed to it just a moment ago, Hannibal’s lips of all people.

Will forced himself to move, ignoring the burning of his ears and the pounding of his heart.

Dinner preparation seemed to fly by, and dinner quicker than that. All Will could think about was warm lips on his skin. Soon enough though, it was past time for him to return to his dogs. Hannibal had gifted him a few bunches of thyme, rosemary, and lemon balm from his herb wall for his practice, and began to walk him to the door.

Hannibal paused just a few feet shy of the foyer, holding up a hand. “One moment please.” He walked off back to the kitchen.

Will set down his parcel of herbs, taking the opportunity to put on his shoes. He heard the open and shut of the fridge door, then footsteps back to where Will stood.

“I saved them for you.” Hannibal handed Will a container once again full of eggshells. “For protecting your home.”

Will took the container, no longer working to fight off a giddy smile. Hannibal had remembered and gone through the trouble for him again, and he was just so happy. Before he could think better of it, Will reached up and grabbed Hannibal’s face, tilting the man’s cheek towards him to press his lips to it.

Will drew back instantly, mortified at his unconscious action. “*Shit*, I’m so sorry Han-”

His apologies were cut off with a swift, but oh so gentle, kiss. All fears of rejection fled his mind in an instant, words died on his tongue, and all he could focus on was the soft press of *Hannibal*.

The two men parted in a moment, keeping their kiss chaste. Hannibal ran a hand over Will's jaw appreciatively, pausing to stroke the bone with his thumb. "So," Hannibal began, "did you put a spell on me?"

Will concluded that a punch to Hannibal's mouth with his own was punishment enough for that remark.

Chapter End Notes

So I am planning to turn the concept of witch Will into a series, so be on the look out for that if you enjoyed this! I appreciate and cherish every hit, kudos, and comment - Let me know what you thought of this work, or if you have any suggestions for upcoming fics! I have a few in mind already, and I'm so excited to share them with you all!

Much love as always,
Rozzie <3

End Notes

Yes, this first chapter was a *subtle* reminder to my witchy friends to cleanse your space and regularly revamp your protections, thank you very much. Also, I Fully believe that Will types without capital letters, he's far too bisexual for that.

Anywho, much thanks to you all for reading! Kudos, comments, and feedback are all appreciated - more to come soon! Toodles!

-Roz <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!